

LF, JW

5/24/72

Dear Charles,

You and Bruce had hardly left when I thought of a file I should have offered to let you look at. So I write instead.

You will remember that you had asked me about Bremer and I said that I thought that with all the in effect advertising for it it was past time for a real and lone nut to surface. What I didn't tell you is what I fear more and what, if it comes to pass, can make a much more serious problem. A real smart nut, intellectual, sophisticated, intelligent. I doubt if the chances are good that one will surface where your people have concern for the safety of public figures, but in the event it does, I enclose a copy of what seems like gibberish.

The Secret Service decided it is. But the addressee, administrative assistant to Senator Gravel, had a few misgivings, so he sent me a copy of the note and the envelope. I think you'd be surprised to learn what can be extracted from this seeming nonsense. As soon as I saw it and the typewriter, I had a candidate, sick, anarchistic and conceited. I know him. I have decided I was wrong. I soon realized that the vocabulary, foreign-language knowledge, acquaintance with philosophy and word-usage of the far past are beyond his education or knowledge. Not long thereafter the man I believe wrote this, a man of whom I'd never heard and have to this day never seen, phoned me. He is real. I checked enough to know. And he was leaving this area for Florida, he said, Miami, in fact. Shudder, shudder.

Although I have seen him only once or twice since World War II, I knew I.F. Stone when he was a Washington correspondent. He never lived at 1940 Luke St. Rockville. Nor is there any Luke St. there. But if you take the address as a reference to the bible, you can make some sense of this. I think the addressee was selected because of his address Dead Run Drive. There is no other Senate or House employee of sufficient rank to be listed who has so suggestive an address. Checked out. April 8 is my birthday. I am fairly certain I am not in Who's Who because I think I never returned their forms when my first book became a success. So, how many public places can my birthday be? I can't think of one. Now to this add the beginning of the note, "Can Mr. Weisberg translate?" Why not, for example, Jim Garrison or Mark Lane, both of whom, I am certain, are better known? And both of whom have abandoned the subject of political assassinations.

As soon as I got a copy of the copy the Secret Service returned to Rothstein and had a chance to make some sense of the seeming nonsense, I enlisted the aid of a number of friends of backgrounds and experiences the average police force could not. In haste, and from recollection, a novelist, a poet, a foreign correspondent of long experience abroad and of fine imagination, a Chinese expert, one who had lived there in the past, an experienced reporter, an educational editor, multi-lingual, and a number of others. The possible meaning we finally came up with, without carrying every word to the end, is astounding. Yet I think if your people examine this they will find little of even possible meaning in it. My file is thick. If some of it is tenuous and ambiguous, some is direct, once it is understood.

With this kind of sick mind, one that can play a cat-and-mouse game, there is always the question, will he try and pull it? (This, by the way, is a fairly direct threat against McGovern and possibly one against Teddy Kennedy- try the first line out for the latter!) So, hoping you never have such stuff to worry about over there, remember this should it at any time seem relevant, and next time you are here, look at the file, see what can be said to be hidden in this. Oh, yes, I also had a Greek scholar on it, and he found stuff, too. There is much that the experienced Secret Service eye didn't detect. In fact, if they consulted experts, I think it not impossible that one would have been the author! No joke!

Sincerely,